

The Wronged L A D Y:

O R,

The Lord's Daughter of *Leicestershire*,

Who dy'd for the Love of a young Noble-man, who left her after many solemn Protestations.

To the Tune of If Love's a sweet Passion, &c.

I.

O Pity a Lover who lyes I declare,
Where I languish and sigh at the point of Despair,
He is gone, and has left me, who once did adore,
My fair-beautifull Charms, I shall ne'er see him more:
*Look but down on a Lady, you Powers above,
And relieve her sick Heart, which is wounded with Love.*

II.

He never would leave me, but Courted me still,
Till at length I was conquer'd, he gain'd my good Will;
Then away to another he hasten'd with speed,
And has left his young languishing Lady to bleed:
*Therefore look down in pity, you Powers above,
And relieve my sick Heart which is wounded with Love.*

III.

Sure never was Mortal so False as my Dear,
Nor the Arrows of Cupid so kene and severe;
For in passionate Flames here I languishing lye,
There is no one can cure me, this day let me dye:
*Therefore look down in pity, you Powers above,
And relieve my sick Heart, &c.*

IV.

So soon as my innocent Heart was betray'd,
Then he flew from the Vows he had formerly made;
Just as if he had study'd my Ruine alone;
For he left me to make this sad passionate moan:
*Therefore look on a Lady, you Powers above,
And relieve my sick Heart, &c.*

V.

The Torment is greater than I can endure,
There is nothing but Death which can perfectly cure;
Therefore send a sharp Arrow, without more delay,
Which may hasten a Lady's last Funeral Day:
*Do but grant my Desires, you Powers above,
To relieve my sick Heart, &c.*

VI.

Although the hot Flames of a Fever I feel,
From my Love I would have you this Sorrow conceal;
Let him never once know that I dy'd for his sake,
Of the World and my Friends now my leave I will take;
*Then look down on a Lady, you Powers above,
And relieve my sick Heart, &c.*

VII.

When I shall be laid in my slumbering Grave,
To his Grief he may think of the Wound which he gave;
And how he did destroy me by Darts of Disdain;
But it will be too late to recall me again:
*Oh! afford me your pity, Dear Powers above,
And relieve my sick Heart which is all over love.*

VIII.

Dear Friends and Relations, why weep you for me,
Who am going where Transports of Joys I shall see,
And the Rivers of Pleasure for ever will flow?
Here is nothing but Grief in these Valleys below;
*Therefore grant me your Pity, Dear Powers above,
And relieve my sick Heart, which is all over Love.*

IX.

My Joys do encrease, as my Griets do's decay,
For I see the bright Angels which soon will convey
My poor injur'd Soul to the Mansions of Joy,
There is Pleasures which Envy can never destroy:
*Fare you well, I shall mount to blest Regions above,
For I dye a young Lady by innocent Love.*

Licensed according to Order.

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